
To the Right Honourable

M^R. HARLEY,

Wounded by *Guiscard*.

*Ab ipso
Ducit opes animumque ferro.* Hor.

IN one great NOW, Superior to an Age,
The great Extreame of Nature's force we find:
How high calm Virtue can exalt; or Rage
Furious, how low degrade the Human Mind.

Whilst the fierce Monk does at his Tryal stand,
He chews Revenge, abjuring his Offence:

Guile in his Tongue, and Murder in his Hand,
He stabs his Judge, to prove his Innocence.

The guilty Stroke, and Torture of the Steel
Infix'd, our dauntless BRITON scarce perceives;
The Wounds his Country from his Death must feel
The Patriot views, for those alone he Grieves.

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The barb'rous Rage that durst attempt thy Life,
HARLEY, Great Counsellor, extends thy Fame:
And the sharp Point of cruel *Guiscard's* Knife
In Brass and Marble carves thy Deathless Name.

Faithful Assertor of thy Country's Cause,
BRITAIN with Tears shall bath thy glorious Wound;
She for thy Safety shall enlarge her Laws,
And in her Statutes shall thy Worth be found.

Yet midst her Sighs she Triumphs, on the Hand
Reflecting that diffus'd the Publick Woe;
A Stranger to her Altars, and her Land:
No Son of Hers cou'd meditate this Blow.

Mean time, thy Pain is gracious *ANNA's* Care;
Our Queen, our Saint, with sacrificing Breath
Softens thy Anguish: In Her Pow'rful Pray'r
She pleads thy Service, and forbids thy Death.

Great as thou art, thou can'st demand no more,
O Breast bewail'd by Earth, preserv'd by Heav'n!
Nor higher can aspiring Virtue soar:
Enough to thee of Grief and Fame is given.

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